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4 Columns 1 month	\$40.00

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

EIGHTEENTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1902.

NUMBER 9.

SPENCER COOPER,
Owner and Editor.

The Oldest, Most Popular, Most Widely Circulated and Most Quoted Paper in the Kentucky Mountains.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.
Always in Advance.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One year, in advance	\$1.00
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+COUNTY + DIRECTORY.+

HAZEL GREEN POLICE COURT.

H. F. PIERATT, Judge.
J. M. NICKELL, Marshal.
W. N. NICKELL, Deputy Marshal.

BOARD OF TUSTEES.

W. O. WIZE, Chairman.
J. M. COLE,
J. D. DAVIS,
JOHN M. ROSE,
JOHN H. ROSE.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Third Monday in January, Fourth Monday in April and Third Monday in September.

DAVID B. REDWINE, Judge.
A. F. BYRD, Commonwealth's Attorney
J. F. VANSANT, Master Commissioner.
C. C. HANKE, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT.

First Monday in each month.
J. W. CONGLETON, County Judge.
W. S. TUTT, Clerk.
FRANK STAMPER, Sheriff.
C. C. FULKS, County Attorney.
J. B. LITTLE, Jailor.
S. N. HOBBS, Assessor.
JOHN CREECH, Surveyor.
FRANK STAMPER, Coroner.
J. W. TAULBER, County Sup't.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS.

TIME OF HOLDING AND OFFICIALS.
FIRST DISTRICT.—ELIAS SHOCKEY, Magistrate. No time set for holding court.

SECOND DISTRICT.—JOHN D. ROSE, Jr., Magistrate; S. N. NORMAN, Constable. Court days: First Thursday in February, May, August and November.

THIRD DISTRICT.—W. R. DUFF, Magistrate; HENRY C. CAMPBELL, Constable. Court days: Second Friday in February, May, August and November.

FOURTH DISTRICT.—R. R. LEGG, Magistrate; W. M. SPENCER, Constable. Court days: First Friday in March, June, September and December.

FIFTH AND SIXTH.—J. N. CHAMBERS, Magistrate in both districts. DAVID BARKS, Constable. Court days: Third Friday in February, May, August and November.

SEVENTH DISTRICT.—B. F. BOLIN, Magistrate; PORTER CLARK, Constable. Court days: First Saturday in March, June, September and December.

EIGHTH DISTRICT.—GEORGE OLIVER, Magistrate. No constable and no set time for holding court.

W. B. ELLIOTT, Pres.,
Wheeling, W. Va.

A GOOD POSITION

Awaits every worthy graduate of the....

Elliott Commercial Schools OF WEST VIRGINIA.

WHEELING, FAIRMOUNT, CHARLESTON, CLARKSBURG.

If you cannot enter one of our schools, write for full information concerning our Short Hand course by mail.

W. B. ELLIOTT, Pres.,
Wheeling, W. Va.

A GOOD FARM FOR SALE!

125 ACRES OF LAND, lying on the waters of Falling Water, in Wolfe county, Ky.; 70 ACRES cleared ready for plow. A good log house of two rooms, good log barn and plenty of water for family use and stock. Plenty of timber for all fencing. Eight miles from Hazel Green, 8 miles from Campton, and 3 miles from Maytown. Possession March 1, 1903.

\$750 IN CASH will buy it but it is worth \$1,000.

For further information, call or address THE HERALD, 5-11 Hazel Green, Ky.

ROSE & WHEELER, PRACTICAL BLACKSMITHS—AND—WAGONMAKERS, HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Invite the attention of the farmers of this vicinity to their improved facilities for blacksmithing and wagonmaking as well as repair work of all kinds.

A full force of first class mechanics insures promptness in the execution of all work entrusted to them, and satisfaction is guaranteed in all cases.

Buggy building and wagon making are our specialties. Your patronage is respectfully solicited and will be duly appreciated. Respectfully, &c., ROSE & WHEELER.

GET YOUR NOTEHEADS, Envelopes, Letterheads, Catalogues, Sales Bills, &c., printed at THE HERALD OFFICE.

Our Daysboro Subscribers

Will each and everyone take due notice that unless all past dues are settled and they are paid to some future date in advance their names will be dropped from our list and their account placed for collection. To revise the entire list in one week would involve more than we can accomplish. By taking one large office each week, however, we can soon straighten out the list, and Daysboro coming next, we this week apply ourselves to it. Now, be it understood that we do not wish to hurt anybody's feelings, nor do we doubt their intention to pay. But we are absolutely dependent upon their subscription for support, and must collect in advance to be able to buy paper, ink, etc., pay freights, and live. In a word, it is our only source of revenue, with which to pay living and office expenses. To each subscriber the sum is small, but in the aggregate they mean much to us. This item marked directs attention to the fact that we will be pleased to have you pay all past dues (if you owe any) and also pay a year in advance. But if you don't, as much as we regret it, we will be compelled to take your name off our list. Take advantage of "Our Grand Offer" and renew.

A Boy's Wild Ride For Life.

With family around expecting him to die, and a son riding for life, 18 miles, to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, W. H. Brown, of Leesville, Ind., endured death's agonies from asthma, but this wonderful medicine gave instant relief and soon cured him. He writes: "I now sleep soundly every night." Like marvelous cures of Consumption, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds and Grip prove its matchless merit for all Throat and Lung troubles. Guaranteed bottles 50c and \$1. Trial bottles free at J. Taylor Day, Hazel Green, and S. S. Combs & Sons, Campton, drug stores.

Died Like a Pauper.

Samuel Hawkins Napier, who at one time found the largest nugget of pure gold ever seen, recently died in a lonely hut in the pine forests of the Gatineau, 200 miles from the utmost limits of civilization, of starvation, his only companion his faithful dog, dead by his side of the same cause, and his remains were taken to Quebec for burial. In the Kingowar gold diggings of Australia, in 1852, he and his brother unearthed a nugget of pure gold weighing 146 pounds, 4 ounces and 3 pennyweights. It was 2 feet 4 inches long, 10 inches wide, and from 1 1/2 to 3 1/2 inches in thickness. They sold it in London for \$60,000, and were lionized, the Queen inviting them to Buckingham Palace, where they dined. He was elected to Parliament and enjoyed other honors, and yet when found rats had eaten away part of his face. Such is fate.

A Sad Disappointment.

Ineffective liver medicine is a disappointment, but you don't want to purge, strain and break the glands of the stomach and bowels. DeWitt's Little Early Risers never disappoint. They cleanse the system of all poison and putrid matter and do it so gently that one enjoys the pleasant effects. They are a tonic to the liver. Cure biliousness, torpid liver and prevent fever.

Farm Sold For \$1450.

Courtney McGuire was here last week and sold the farm belonging to his stepmother, Mrs. Lucy McGuire, his sister, Mrs. Cora Andre, and himself for \$1450. Willie Clark, of Toliver, was the purchaser. The place contained 151 acres, and is a part of the old Holderby place. The sale is considered a good one, owing to the lack of improvements and its general condition. Courtney still has nine building lots for sale, and their eligible location near Hazel Green Academy makes them quite valuable. But they can be bought cheap if sold soon.

Murdered Four Husbands.

Molly Foxwater, an Osage Indian squaw, has been arrested at Tulsa, Okla., charged with murdering her four white husbands. She admits her guilt but pleads justification because they tried to wrest from her the location of a gold mine, from which she supported them in idleness and luxury. For two or three of the husbands she paid extensive and expensive bridal trips, and gave all of them an abundance of spending money. But the secret of the mine, which she got from her father, she could not be induced to part with. Her father took the mine from Spaniards, and at his death told her of its location.

Black Hair

As it took an hour or two to relax the gun and prepare the harpoon and boat, it was two o'clock in the afternoon before we got our second prize. The process was in all respects like the first; but there was the same frenzy of excitement aboard the ship. The one appetite that never becomes satiated, the one instinct that is never satisfied, the one experiment that no amount of repetition dulls, is, it seems, the instinct to hunt and kill. In primitive man it was the first law of his being; and like the whale's breathing, it stays with him in a wholly changed environment.

Advice Wanted.

Young Man—I came to ask you for the hand of your daughter, sir.
Old Man (the father of seven)—Which one of my daughters, young man?
"That's another thing I wanted to ask you. Now, as a friend, which one would you advise me to take?"—Chicago Daily News.

Room in the Procession.

Clara—Dear Isabel, you are at last a successful artist.
Isabel—Oh, Clara, I don't feel myself a success; I've just moved up a little, because a lot of older struggles have got tired and quit.—Detroit Free Press.

Beware of the Knife.

No profession has advanced more rapidly of late than surgery, but it should not be used except where absolutely necessary. In cases of piles, for example, it is seldom needed. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures quickly and permanently. Unequaled for cuts, burns, bruises, wounds, skin diseases. Accept no counterfeits. "I was so troubled with bleeding piles that I lost much blood and strength," says J. C. Phillips, Paris, Ill. "DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured me in a short time." Soothers and heals.

An Aged Hermit Found Dead.

Jack Shields, a hermit who lived on Chaplin River, in Washington County, was found dead in his cabin one day last week. Jack and his brother Henson owned and cultivated a large tract of land on Chaplin River and realized large sums of money from the farm, and the money is supposed to have been kept in the house.

Cures Eczema, Itching Humors.

Especially for old, chronic cases take Botanic Blood Balm. It gives a healthy blood supply to the affected parts, heals all the sores, eruptions, scabs, scales; stops the awful itching and burning of eczema, swellings, suppurating, watery sores, etc. Druggists, \$1. Sample free and prepaid by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice sent in sealed letter.

Over-Work Weakens Your Kidneys.

Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood. All the blood in your body passes through your kidneys once every three minutes. The kidneys are your blood purifiers; they filter out the waste or impurities in the blood. If they are sick or out of order, they fail to do their work. Pains, aches and rheumatism come from excess of uric acid in the blood, due to neglected kidney trouble.

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THEN AND NOW.

A crumbling fort overlooks the plain. Where iron hail and leaden rain, With thunder of artillery, Once wrought war's work of misery; Yet over me while musing there, Such calm was brooding, and the air From breath of roses was so sweet, I thought of swords to plowshares bent.

Kine were seen grazing without fear, Over the sloping green-wood near, And resting where the noon had come 'Neath oaks that faced the cannon's boom Which crimsoned many a trampled clod; Now daisies fleetly once by the beheld, Redoubts reared for the battle's din.

Grim parapets no longer frown Upon a pent, beleaguered town; The greater city in its might And little guards the dire conflict's site; Sweet homes with comely lawns are seen, Crowning historic heights serene In grace and beauty, safe apart From tumult of the busy mart.

Nor is the fane forgotten here, Into the heart devout more dear Than grandest mansion wealth rears high, But shrining poor mortality— While on that day of all the best, Thrilled strangely once by the beheld, To arms, the scene is of release, Old foes now friends in vows of peace.

In this slow-crumbling fort I see Type of a fray waged bitterly, Yet whose remembered cup of woe Is yielding to time's tidal flow; Though its dead heroes borne away Whether in blue, or in the gray, Claim their due share of votive bloom Offer, as doth the Maytime come, To arms, the scene is of release, Old foes now friends in vows of peace.

—W. E. HOLE, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

WHALE HUNTING

By MARK SULLIVAN.

HE was a Norwegian, but his sea English was as good as the king's. He was big and muscular, with a rare combination of weight and wiriness. His face and eyes were stern enough when he shouted orders from the bridge, but when playing the host in his cabin, as merry as a Santa Claus—without the whiskers. His skin was tanned by the salt spray and burned by the sun of every degree of latitude where ships have ever been. He had caught whales in every sea, from the Persian gulf to Baffin's bay; and a few years ago he abandoned the old way of New Bedford and all romance—the three-year-long, round-the-world cruise in a sailing vessel—to try the adaptation of steam to whaling. For the big brick oven on the deck to boil the blubber (which all remember who know The Cruise of the Cachalot) he substituted a permanent factory for refining the oil, located on the northern shore of Newfoundland. From this he steamed out to the whaling grounds each morning and back at night, rarely without a prize. For the old method of throwing a harpoon by hand from a small boat he substituted a harpoon gun from the bow of his whaler; and with these improvements conducted a business that will soon make the few surviving New Bedford sailing whalers as obsolete as wooden plows.

I lay in his spare bunk, across the narrow cabin from his own, and dropped to sleep as he finished a tale, strangely like Kipling's "Three Sealers," of a fight between rival crews for a dead whale in the Okhotsk sea. Only a minute later, it seemed, I bumped my head against the top of the bunk to the quick awakening of an excited Norwegian craft crew from the top of the companionway. The captain leaped from his bunk. He waited not for shoes nor for other clothes than those he slept in, but bounded up the steps, shouting orders as he ran. While I dressed, I could feel the quick stopping, the short advances and retreats of the engines, and I knew we were stalking game. When I reached the deck the captain had one hand on the gun, swinging it about on its pivot. With the other he was making signals to the engineer to stop, to go forward a little, or to go back. Following his eyes, I caught sight of our game. It looked like a huge, cigar-shaped piece of smooth, shiny, slate-colored India rubber, rising at regular intervals so that four or five feet of its diameter and 40 feet of its length showed like a mound on the smooth water. With alternate rising and dipping he was gliding smoothly forward, without apparent exertion, but with tremendous speed, and in a perfectly straight line. We were approaching him from behind at an angle, so that his course and ours were the sides of a V.

The captain on the raised platform in the bow, following with the mouth of his cannon the course of the whale, was the personification of alertness. The crew were grouped behind him as eager and expectant as if they had never caught a whale before. One of them touched me on the shoulder and pointed silently a mile away, where a dozen other whales were spouting fine columns of vapor. When I turned again to our whale he had risen once more, and we were within 30 feet of him. Every person on the ship was in a state of tip-toe alertness. Suddenly came the crash of the gun. I saw a hideous red zigzag path on the broad side of the whale; I heard the rumbling roar of the time bomb at the point of the harpoon exploding in the whale's vitals. On deck there was a convulsive pandemonium. The captain, in the delirium of the hunter at the death of his quarry, was shrieking shrill staccato orders. The crew were leaping to their posts. Suddenly I felt the bow of the vessel give a jerk beneath me, then tremble a moment, and slowly dip.

The whale had gone straight downward. The rope attached to the broad side of the whale, I heard the rumbling roar of the time bomb at the point of the harpoon exploding in the whale's vitals. On deck there was a convulsive pandemonium. The captain, in the delirium of the hunter at the death of his quarry, was shrieking shrill staccato orders. The crew were leaping to their posts. Suddenly I felt the bow of the vessel give a jerk beneath me, then tremble a moment, and slowly dip.

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THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.
THURSDAY, : Sept. 18, 1902.

+DEMOCRATIC+TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS,
HON. F. A. HOPKINS,
OF PRESTONSBURG.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For Circuit Court Clerk.
HOLLON.—We are authorized to announce H. F. PIERATT as a candidate for the office of Circuit Court Clerk of Wolfe County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

For Legislative Representative.
PIERATT.—We are authorized to announce H. F. PIERATT as a candidate for the office of Representative in the Legislature from the 21st District, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

EDITORIAL ERUPTIONS.

BUSINESS men who do not advertise are like soldiers who fight with blank cartridges. They cannot hope to accomplish anything.

A WOMAN in Indiana saved the life of a banker, and he has rewarded her with a silk handkerchief. Probably that was more than his life was worth.

WHEN Tom Johnson and his tents arrived in Lorain, O., one old man said: "I'll be dinged if it ain't a circus," and the people began to wonder where the elephant was.

It is estimated that there are 16,000,000 persons by the name of Smith in the world, and this has given the St. Louis people a bright idea for attracting a crowd. They are thinking of having a reunion of the Smith family.

About ten years ago there were 75,000 horses used in the United States on street car lines, but today there are less than 5,000 used in this way. This illustrates the rapid advancement that electricity has made in a few years.

THE President had a narrow escape from death, and we are all thankful that his life was spared. He is President of all the people; the members of all parties, and men of all nations are glad because of his almost miraculous escape.

Puck says: "Don't get discouraged, for it is often the last key in the bunch that opens the lock." Same way with advertising; you must keep at it if you want to sell your goods. One pull on the oars won't take your boat across the Mississippi.

THOMAS A. EDISON, it is claimed, never owned a watch. He says the one thing least of all that he wants to know is the time. Here is a great lesson for our young men. Remember that promotion and success is never gained by watching the clock.

TOM JOHNSON will treat the people of Ohio to a regular circus parade during the campaign. It is said that he will lead in his automobile and will be followed by a number of wagons carrying a tent of 5,000 seating capacity. The procession will be accompanied by a band. It will probably become known as "The Great Johnson Auto-Trust Show."

JOSEPH SHIRK, formerly of Lancaster, Pa., the man who made the first revolver, died the other day. The present generation hardly imagines a time when there was no revolver, but in truth it is a modern weapon and in its real efficiency only a few years old—not to exceed 40. Before the Civil War there were the old-fashioned pepper boxes, which were dangerous to the user; then came the "navy," which had to be loaded like a musket, each barrel requiring separate attention, and usually being ineffective except at point blank range.

THERE was probably not a man more faithful to his duties until claimed by death, than Secret Service Officer Craig, whose life was crushed out by an electric car near Pittsfield, Mass., recently. Even after the carriage was struck, he gave warning to the President to "hold fast," when if he had been a different kind of man he might have jumped and saved his own life. The people of the world love a faithful person and Officer Craig was certainly loved by all who knew him long before his untimely end.

SIMON YANDES, the richest bachelor in Indiana, a lawyer of Indianapolis, has practically disposed of property and money in the way of gifts aggregating nearly \$1,000,000. Nearly half of this amount has been given to relatives. The other half has gone to colleges, foreign missionary societies, Indiana missionary societies, and to miscellaneous benefices.

THE political funeral of John G. White will be preached on Tuesday, the 4th day of November, by Hon. Frank Hopkins, of Prestonsburg, who will take for his text: "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting" about 2500 votes. Members of the G. O. P. throughout the Tenth Congressional District will be present in the capacity of chief mourners.

MARTINIQUE can undoubtedly be purchased very cheap from France just now, and now is the time for real estate dealers to act.

Our Grand Offer.
Until further notice we will give every new subscriber and every old one who renews, choice of the following papers. They are absolutely free and given as an inducement to take THE HERALD. Here they are:
The Toledo Blade (Republican)
The Sunny South, (Stories, &c.)
Home and Farm, (Farm, &c.)
Our Republican friends should surely avail of this grand chance to secure their "political bible" free, the ladies will find Sunny South a literary gem, and farmers and their wives will be pleased with Home and Farm. Subscribe today.

NORTHWEST MISSOURI.

Andrew Wilson, a Wolfe County Boy, Tells of Its Great Productiveness.

SOUTH ST. JOSEPH, MO., 9-13.
Spencer Cooper, Hazel Green, Ky.
Will you kindly publish a few lines from an old Kentucky boy, who has wandered away out west to see some of the world and its wonders? I have been in Oklahoma since January last, until the first of August, when I determined to see Northwest Missouri.
Hearing so much of the wonderful products of this part of the world I hastened to it to find what has been said of it is only a small portion of what could and should be said of it. Near the city of St. Joseph I found my uncle and aunt, Canada and Molly Little, and have been with them since I came into Missouri.
I cut corn for Uncle Canada, in his orchard, that will make 50 bushels to the acre, and I see plenty of fields they tell me will make 75 bushels per acre. I have just finished digging uncle's Irish potatoes, and from one-quarter acre I dug and housed 95 bushels. Two of these potatoes weighed 4 pounds 8 ounces.
I love old Kentucky and her dear people but Northwest Missouri is the finest country I have ever seen.
I take quite an interest in reading THE HERALD, which comes every week to Aunt Molly, and shall always speak a good word for it when necessary.
We had quite a frost last night for the first time.
Wishing THE HERALD and the people of Wolfe County success, I am, as ever, yours,
ANDREW WILSON.

Not Doomed for Life.
"I was treated for three years by good doctors," writes W. A. Greer, McConnellsville, O., "for Piles and Fistula, but when all failed, Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured me in two weeks." Cures Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Corns, Sores, Eruptions, Salt Rheum, Piles or no pay. 25 cts. at J. Taylor Day, Hazel Green, or S. S. Combs & Sons, Campton drug stores.

Wanted—A girl to cook, wash and iron for family of two; \$1.00 a week. Apply at this office. Make your estimate and send in.

A Well Posted Politician.
A gentleman of Mt. Sterling, attending the springs here, paid the town of Campton a flying visit on Monday and heard Hon. Frank Hopkins address the people, whereupon he remarked: "He is the best posted man this district has presented in a long, long time." And he uttered an indubitable idiom when he said it, for on field or forum Frank Hopkins will prove a foeman worthy any statesman's steel, and in the halls of congress he is certain to prove a credit to his constituency. What more can anyone ask? Then see that he gets your vote.

Don't
Think because you have taken many remedies in vain that your case is incurable. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured many seemingly hopeless cases of scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism, kidney complaint, dyspepsia and debility.

There are various ways of making your mark with Printers Ink. The Best Way is by Advertising in the Herald.

Electric Belt on Trial.
To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will send a few of their Electric Belts on trial on the following terms: \$1.00 to be paid in ten days if the Belt proves beneficial, and the balance \$2.00 to be paid in sixty days if the Belt effects a cure. These Belts are a positive cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney trouble, Stomach and Liver trouble, Asthma, etc. Address at once GERMAN ELECTRIC AGENCY, 17 P. O. Box 1874 New York, N.Y.

THE HERALD is not 2c. a week.

Dizzy?

Then your liver isn't acting well. You suffer from biliousness, constipation. Ayer's Pills act directly on the liver. For 60 years they have been the Standard Family Pill. Small doses cure. All druggists.

Wait just moments or board a beautiful train of rich black? Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers.



Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect September 1, 1902.

EAST BOUND.			
No. 2, Daily, ex. Sunday.	STATIONS.	No. 4, Daily.	
P.M. Lve.		A.M. Arr.	
2 25 pm 0	Lexington	0 7 45 am	
3 10 pm 20	Winchester	8 25 am	
3 50 pm 40	Clay City	9 13 am	
4 06 pm 44	Stanton	9 23 am	
4 35 pm 57	Nat. Bridge	9 54 am	
4 49 pm 62	Torment	10 08 am	
5 11 pm 70	Beattyville	10 29 am	
6 11 pm 80	Oak Junction	11 26 am	
6 15 pm 84	Jackson	11 30 am	

WEST BOUND.

No. 1, Daily, ex. Sunday.	STATIONS.	No. 3, Daily.	
A.M. Arr.		P.M. Arr.	
10 10 am 0	Jackson	6 05 pm	
10 25 am 20	Beattyville	5 20 pm	
10 37 am 40	Torment	4 39 pm	
10 48 am 44	Stanton	4 30 pm	
10 51 am 57	Nat. Bridge	4 23 pm	
11 01 am 62	Clay City	4 17 pm	
11 26 am 70	L. & E. Junction	3 36 pm	
11 35 am 80	Winchester	2 30 pm	
11 45 am 84	Lexington	2 25 pm	

O. & K. BRANCH.

EAST BOUND.			
No. 33, Daily, ex. Sunday.	STATIONS.	No. 31, Daily, ex. Sunday.	
3 30 pm 0	Jackson	0 11 20 am	
3 35 pm 10	Oak Junction	11 26 am	
4 17 pm 11	Wilbur	11 52 am	
4 30 pm 13	Hampton	12 11 am	
5 10 pm 20	Lee City	12 22 am	
5 18 pm 22	Heleahaw	12 28 am	
5 45 pm 27	Cannel City	1 12 45 am	
P.M. ARR.		P.M. ARR.	
6 25 am 94	Lexington	12 25 pm	

WEST BOUND.

No. 34, Daily, ex. Sunday.	STATIONS.	No. 22, Daily, ex. Sunday.	
9 15 pm 9	Jackson	0 2 35 pm	
9 10 pm 10	Oak Junction	6 2 30 pm	
8 25 pm 11	Wilbur	11 1 58 pm	
8 15 pm 13	Hampton	11 1 52 pm	
7 35 pm 20	Lee City	10 1 28 pm	
7 26 pm 22	Heleahaw	10 1 22 pm	
7 00 pm 27	Cannel City	10 1 05 pm	
A.M. LVE.		P.M. LVE.	

Nos. 3 and 4 make close connection for Cannel City and points on Ohio and Kentucky Railway Division, daily except Sunday.

Nos. 1 and 2 connect at L. & E. Junction with Chesapeake and Ohio for Mt. Sterling and local points.

Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 connect at Beattyville Junction with L. & E. for Beattyville, daily except Sunday.

J. R. BARR, Gen'l Manager.
CHAS. SCOTT, Gen. Pass. Agent.
T. R. MORGAN, G. P. A.

H. F. PIERATT. H. C. QUICKSALL.

H. F. PIERATT & CO.

DEALERS IN

General Merchandise

Live Stock and Country Produce.

IF YOU WANT CHEAP GOODS COME WITH THE CASH as that is the only safe and reliable way to do business.

PLEASE DO NOT ASK FOR CREDIT!

Very respectfully,

H. F. PIERATT & CO.

All parties now indebted to me should call and settle or there will be "A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TODAY," as I am determined to wind up all my outstanding business. Thanking you for past patronage, and more especially if you will pay me for my goods you have consumed. I remain, respectfully,
H. F. PIERATT.

CECIL BROS.,

Staple & Fancy Grocers,

Have in Stock and Sell Low for CASH the following goods:
APPLE BUTTER, 15c. quart jar.
JELLIES, all kinds, 3 glasses 25c.
PEACH LEAF LARD, 15c. per pound.
SUGAR, 5c. to 6c. per pound.
CADOVA COFFEE, best in town, 12c.
BONNIE ROLLED OATS, 10c. package.
SWEET POTATOES, canned, 15c. 2 for 25c.
KRAUT, 3-pound can, 10c.
CORN, 10c. per can.
PEAS, 2 cans 25c.
HARNESS, BRIDLES, GRANITE WARE, &c. &c. Everything first-class and fresh, and YOU SAVE MONEY on everything you buy of us.

Madison Institute for Young Ladies

RICHMOND, KENTUCKY. J. W. MCGARVEY, Jr., President.
Offers advantages no other school in Kentucky affords. Situated in a beautiful country. Most scholarly faculty in the State. Music department unsurpassed. Frequent illustrated lectures by the President on his travels in Europe and the Holy Land. Sickness almost unknown. Good table. Write for catalog.

REDUCTO

Is a perfectly harmless vegetable compound. It positively and permanently eliminates corpulency and superfluous flesh. It is a CURE ABSOLUTE and as harmless as fresh air. Thousands of patients have used this treatment. Physicians endorse it. Write to us for sample.
FREE TREATMENT.
Send 25 cents to cover postage, etc. Correspondence strictly confidential. Everything in plain sealed package. You can make "Reducto" at home if you desire; you have no fear of evil effects. Address GINSENG CHEMICAL CO., 3701 SO. JEFFERSON AVE., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Winchester Bank,

WINCHESTER, KY.
N. H. WITHERSPOON, President.
R. D. HUNTER, Cashier.
Paid up Capital, \$100,000.00;
Surplus, \$20,000.00.
Handsome deposit of \$404,216.43.
This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking.

OLD FATHER ETIM

Has made remarkable changes in the manufacture of

WATCHES AND CLOCKS.

We carry a line of Newest Designs and latest improved time-pieces.

PRICES RANGE FROM

50c. to \$5.00 Upward!

Remember us when you buy that next WEDDING PRESENT.

FRED J. HEINTZ,

East Main Street, Opposite Phoenix Hotel, LEXINGTON, KY.

WANTED—Say 5,000 acres COOKING COAL LANDS, conveniently located for transportation to Columbus, Ohio. State rock bottom cash price and description in detail. Lock Box 751, Columbus, Ohio. 5-16

J. TAYLOR DAY,

CARRIES IN STOCK A FULL LINE OF

Ladies' Dress Goods, Gents' Furnishings, Ladies' and Gents' Shoes, Standard Groceries, Lamps and Queensware, Cutlery and Hardware, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps. In fact everything usually found in first-class store, AND SELL AS LOW OR LOWER THAN ANY COMPETITOR. IT IS A FACT THAT IN MANY CASES WE RETAIL AT LESS THAN THEY PAY WHOLESALE, BECAUSE WE BUY IN LARGER QUANTITIES.

THE DAY MILLINERY

CARRIES A COMPLETE LINE OF

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS,

LADIES' FURNISHINGS,

DRESS GOODS,

TRIMMINGS, &c.,

RIBBONS, HOSE, &c.

And sells everything so low that the poorest may buy.

CLOTHING

I have a nice lot of clothing which I intend to close out, and if you want a bargain in this line do not fail to call at once.

Also, I will sell you shoes at \$1.00 that I have always sold at \$1.25, and the same proportion clear through.

Remember, this is for CASH ONLY!

J. M. ROSE,

THE PEOPLES' FRIEND.

JOB

PRINTING.

ENVELOPES, NOTEHEADS, BILLHEADS, LETTERHEADS, SALE-BILLS, PROGRAMS, CIRCULARS, CATALOGS, MINUTES, &c., &c.

We have Three Fast Presses, a Power Paper Cutter, and 40 Years' Experience enables us to Court Comparison and Defy Competition. When you want PRINTING come and see us.

Respectfully, &c., SPENCER COOPER.

THE LEADING DAILY OF THE BLUE GRASS REGION IS

THE MORNING HERALD

Of Lexington, Kentucky

It has the full Associated Press Despatches, Special Correspondents covering the Blue Grass, full Market Reports, accurate and reliable news from all the oil fields, Base Ball and sporting news, a Society and Woman's Page of great interest, special articles on every question of general interest.

Its Editorial Page is recognized as the best in the State. It now offers a MAP OF KENTUCKY, the latest and best published, to every subscriber who pays six months in advance.

It is now giving with its Sunday paper the beautiful series of STAGE FAVORITES, issued by the Burr McIntosh Studio, every one of them worth a dollar.

Now is the time to Subscribe. \$3.00 for Six Months.

THE LEXINGTON PUBLISHING CO.,

Postoffice Box 356, Lexington, Ky.

W. C. P. BRINKINRIDGE, President. DIMICK BRINKINRIDGE, Manager

General Debility

Day in and out there is that feeling of weakness that makes a burden of itself. Food does not strengthen, sleep does not refresh.

It is hard to do, hard to bear, what should be easy, - vitality from the old, and the whole system suffers for this condition.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It vitalizes the blood, gives vigor and tone to all the organs, and is positively guaranteed for all run-down or debilitated conditions.

Send 3 cents for a sample, or 25 cents for a box.

A X mark shows that your time is up, and unless you renew at once you may not get the paper next week.

F. O. Craft on Saturday bought of Willie Johnson an aged mule for \$70.

An infant child of David Cox and wife, near Sellers, died Sunday night of flux.

Mrs. Emma Sleet, the new music teacher at Hazel Green Academy, hails from Warsaw, Ky.

Mrs. Fanny Jones, with her little son, Mt. Sterling, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. T. Day.

Miss Mary Pieratt has the thanks of the editor and his better seven-eighths for some nice tomatoes.

Dr. Nickell reports the birth of a girl on Sunday night to the wife of Clarence Trimble of Lacy Creek.

Miss Eddie Daniel left Sunday for the Rock House fork of Johnson, where she is teaching school.

HEALTH is fully restored by the great alterative and tonic, Hood's Sarsaparilla, and you remember the old saying, - health IS WEALTH.

A large crowd from our town attended quarterly meeting of the M. E. Church at Goodwin's Chapel Sunday.

Quint Daniel says he is now prepared to feed all the students who may desire to attend Hazel Green Academy.

Dr. J. A. Taulbee, who is now enjoying a very lucrative practice at Jackson, was shaking hands with friends here Tuesday.

For Constipation

Take Lyon's Liver and Kidney Pills, an ideal remedy for biliousness, indigestion, constipation, and all the troubles that result from a disordered liver and bowels.

Sold by J. C. Stamper, Grassy Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Day spent Sunday with James Elkins and wife, of Lacy Creek. It was Fred's first outing in a long time.

Misses Rinda and Quilla Had-dix have the thanks of the editor and his better seven-eighths for a basket of very fine tomatoes.

THE HERALD and Two-a-Week Courier-Journal is only \$1.25 for 12 months; with Weekly Enquirer for same time \$1.55. And now is the time to subscribe.

Attorney D. D. Sublett and son, of Salsersville, passed through here Sunday, en route to Campton, to attend circuit court, now in session there.

Jimmie Perkins, of Lacy Creek who has been sick with fever some time, we are glad to note is rapidly convalescing and able to get about the house some.

Jim Henry Day, of Caney, came here Sunday to bring his brother Nathan, who will attend the commercial department of Hazel Green Academy, and board with Lanford Craft and wife.

Green Nickell and Mrs. Rebecca Perry were united in marriage on Sunday at the bride's residence on Tom's Branch, Morgan County. The groom is the father of Mrs. J. M. Ingram, of our town.

Miss Myrtle, daughter of John B. Davis and wife, has had catarrh of the head for some time past, and it has affected her eyesight to such an extent that at times she can hardly see.

Fred Day has materially improved the appearance of his residence by the addition of a veranda on the north side, the remodeling of some of the rooms, shingling, etc. Taylor Whaley did the work.

T. A. Fallen, writing from Wilmer, Texas, to Uncle Pres Trimble, encloses an Express M. O. of \$1.25 for our combination of THE HERALD and Courier-Journal, and in a hurried glance at the letter it was seen that nearly everybody there would have to buy corn; only a half-bushel of cotton to the acre was raised, worth about \$20, etc. But on the whole he seems very well satisfied.

County Attorney C. C. Fuls, Ex-Sheriff A. T. Combs, Ex-County Clerk J. B. Hollon, and Circuit Clerk J. F. Vansant, of Campton, Ex-Assessor George Salley, of Stillwater, T. T. Shroat, of Mt. Sterling, Green Lacy, of Pin Hook, and H. B. Maupin, of Catlettsburg, were among the registered at the Day House last week.

Clay Rose, who killed John Maddox at Lee City some time ago by hitting him with an ax handle, was on Tuesday remanded to the Campton Jail without bail. He waived examination at the examining trial, and was admitted to bail in the sum of \$3,000 since which he has been at liberty until Tuesday.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Stamper, Grassy Creek.

Quite an ovation was tendered D. H. Goyen, the painter-actor, at Maytown Lodge F. & A. M. Saturday night, to hear his dissertation on Masonry. The largest membership present in months was there to welcome him, and all who were present felt themselves highly entertained.

Say, do you want a watch? If so, write Fred Heintz, Lexington, who can accommodate you with a great variety of styles and all sorts of prices. Diamonds, jewelry, silver ware, etc., can be had at the same place, and a postal card sent him will bring any desired information.

DR. FENNER'S
KIDNEY and BACKACHE CURE
All Bladder and Urinary Diseases. By Dr. Fenner, Sec. St.

Sold by H. F. Pieratt, Hazel Green, Ky.

Jim Cecil, who bought the John Pieratt property in our town, has improved the dwelling by building a veranda along the east side and north end, adding three rooms, shingling, etc. Albert Dye did the carpenter work and Wells Bros., of West Liberty, the painting.

Mrs. F. N. Day has just received her first line of millinery for this season and is ready to serve the ladies in anything in her line. Ready-made skirts \$2.50 to \$6.00. Will have a nice line of Jackets and Wraps of latest style in a few days. Wait for them.

Rev. Wm. Tyler, of Campton, has been named as the supply for Hazel Green, Rose Chapel and Sandfield, for which Conference failed to make appointment. The first quarterly meeting will begin on Saturday at Rose Chapel, and hold over Sunday.

Keep It in Your House,

And when the bowels fail to act properly, take a dose of LYON'S LAXATIVE SYRUP - It acts gently but effectively on the kidneys, liver and bowels; will keep your system in good working order and make your complexion clear.

Sold by J. C. Stamper, Grassy Creek

The Campton department of this paper, the Campton Courier, is edited by Benj. Sewell, Esq., a rampant Republican, and we want our Democratic friends to understand positively that we are in no wise responsible for his utterances.

When Jim Cox, of Toliver, reads our letter from Northwest Missouri he will realize that while he has the biggest taters in this neck of the woods he isn't in it a little bit with our Western friend.

Only 50 Cents
to make your baby strong and well. A fifty cent bottle of **Scott's Emulsion** will change a sickly baby to a plump, rosy child. Only one cent a day, think of it. Its as nice as cream. Send for a free sample, and try it. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York.

CAMPTON COURIER.

BEN SEWELL, EDITOR. VOLUME I.—NUMBER 17.

EDITORIAL EFFUSIONS.

Most of the newspapers are praising President Roosevelt for his bold stand on the trust question. It would be a "joy forever" if the Democrats should all join in with the Republicans and elect Roosevelt to the Presidency without opposition. But this will never happen. If every Democrat in the United States were willing to swear by the gods that Teddy was right on every question of the day, still if they can get some weazly, cranky, windy "Matchless" on the Democratic ticket, there's where a majority of the patriots would vote. Now, hush up, or vote as you talk.

"Trusts! Trusts!! Trusts!!!" is the continual cry of the Democrats. Yet it is a cold, hard fact that the Democratic party has always opposed every measure looking to the regulation of trusts. The Democrats never helped to pass laws against trusts in the history of their lives. The only anti-trust laws on the statute books were championed and passed by Republicans.

LOCAL LACONICS.

Attorney John W. Combs, of Hindman, is in attendance at circuit Court this week.

Bruce Trimble, of the Mt. Sterling Advocate, was in town this week drumming up subscriptions to his paper.

Mrs. J. B. Redwine, of Jackson, is visiting her parents at this place while her husband presides on the bench as Judge, with his accustomed dignity.

County Clerk Tutt reports the following marriage license issued: Richard A. Childers to Margaret Buchanan; M. W. Carter to Mida Horton; Henry Charles to Sarah Reynolds.

On the first day of court we noticed the following visiting attorneys: T. C. Johnson, of Tallage; Charley Cardwell and John Tester, of Lansaw; Arbury Brooks, of Hazel Green; D. D. Sublett, of Salsersville, and W. W. Vaughn, of Lexington.

The District Annual Conference of the Protestant Methodists, held at the Meadow Branch Church, was quite lively on last Saturday evening. In the midst of service a row broke loose between several parties. The preachers acted as commanders of the peace and ordered arrests made. None were made. The scene looked "owly and boozey" for a while.

Circuit court convened Monday with Judge D. B. Redwine on the bench. The Judge's charge to the Grand Jury was to the point, clear-cut and sharp. Following are the names of the Grand Jurors: Wm. Little, Granville Evans, Jerry Childers, Joe Lee Wilson, Jr., D. D. Landsaw, Leander Taylor, John Henry Campbell, Joel S. Cox, Sr., Henry Elkins, Sr., John Terrell, Sr., Henry Eidridge and Henry Banks.

Following is a list of the Petit Jury: C. C. Oliver, S. B. Smith, Jerry Croft, Henry Murphy, Wm. Adams, James L. Wireman, Rainey M. Culbertson, Robert L. Carroll, Wm. G. Halsey, Felix Pence, C. M. Dolphin, Newton Allen, J. C. Houndshell, John D. Hollon, Paris Rose, John A. Shockey, Wm. Bush, Sr., Houson Tackett, Geo. Shackelford, Harrison Little, D. B. May, Willie Hanks, Newton Williams and C. L. Byrd.

C. T. Byrd, ex-City Attorney of Jackson, who killed George Smith on the 4th inst., at the mouth of Frozen Creek, in Breathitt County, has handed ye editor the following statement for publication: "In view of the conflicting statements founded on rumor concerning my killing George Smith, I think in justice to myself some of the facts in the matter should be made public. Briefly, the facts are these: On the day before the killing I received a letter from Walter R. Day to come to his storehouse the next day to do some legal business for him. I went; had not been there long till George Smith called me out, saying that he wanted to see me. He said that he understood I had threatened to kill him the

first chance. I denied having made the threat and told him to bring his informer and I would convince him that I had not. Then Smith said I had been mad at him ever since Bud Bohanan employed me to defend him for killing Eleaney Smith, a brother of George. I told him that I was not. Then he gave me the lie and swore he was going to kill me. He drew his pistol on me. I then went into the office of the store and had some parties to try to get Smith to leave. Smith went off. About one-half hour he came back with a friend with a pistol. I was still in the office. Smith called me a coward; told me to come out, that he was going to kill me. Some one said, "Watch out, Byrd, he is going to kill you." Then I got a Winchester (that happened to be in the office), peeped around through the glass of the door. Smith had his pistol drawn. I threw my gun around without taking aim, killing Smith. Smith shot twice; once before and once after I shot, knocking the glass of the door in my face. Then I left, and as I did so several shots were fired at me by fellows behind box-cars. One fellow across the river shot at me with a Winchester. Smith tried to kill me once on the train and backed out from doing so by me taking my girl in my arms. This is a part of my side of the case which will be abundantly proven by good citizens. But there are other startling facts that will develop on the trial of the case. This killing has nothing to do with the so-called Hargis-Cockrell feud. When the Breathitt authorities and my friends think it safe for me to return to Breathitt I will do so and stand trial."

Lingering Summer Colds.

Don't let a cold run at this season. Summer colds are the hardest kind to cure and if neglected may linger along for months. A long siege like this will pull down the strongest constitution. One Minute Cough Cure will break up the attack at once. Safe, sure, acts at once. Cures coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, all throat and lung troubles. The children like it.

Formerly Lived Here.

Richard Hord, who with his father and family lived here six or seven years ago, was in town Tuesday. He is with Flood & Co., the wholesale grocers, Lexington, and temporarily in this territory, vice Staggs, who is "onskerpiel." The family, who now live in Lexington, will be remembered from the fact that the elder Mr. Hord raised a crop of tobacco with J. T. Day for two years, while Richard and two or three sisters attended Hazel Green Academy. By the way, the eldest sister, now a widow, and the next one to Richard, respectively, are teaching schools now.

COUNTY NEWS NOTES

(To insure insertion ALL correspondence must be in this office by Monday night of each week, and that nearly on Monday morning)

STILLWATER SPARKLES.

B. D. Rose is attending Mt. Sterling court.

Mary Moore is dangerously ill at this writing.

Joe Tolson, who lives on Upper Stillwater, is on the sick list.

Squire J. M. Taylor, while working with an adze cut his leg very badly.

Dan Lawson had a colt to get hurt on a mowing machine very badly Sunday.

J. Morton Rose, son of Jeff M. Rose, left Sunday for his uncle's, David Hogg, of Grand, O. T.

Cute a number of Stillwater folks attended the meeting at Pine Hill and Meadow Branch Saturday and Sunday.

Probably the largest stock swap ever made in this county was by B. D. Rose and John Brown last week. The deal involved about \$1,000.

J. L. Taylor went to Beattyville Sunday—well, I guess the pawpaw hunting there seems to be some attraction in that county for him just now.

Sept 15. PRESTO.

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HENNIKER'S OLD PIPE

It was definitely arranged and settled—not stipulated, for Henniker was never in any condition to make stipulations; he surrendered at discretion from the very first—that Henniker should not be divorced from his pipe. Mrs. Henniker that was to be had noticed Henniker's brier, and she said that she liked a pipe, and on several occasions she actually urged Henniker to smoke it. This is undeniable. There were witnesses to it.

Altogether she is one of the most charming of women, and although Henniker has been married to her now for nearly six months he seems to be as devoted as ever. Perhaps even more so.

The brier was really a gem from a masculine point of view. It was old, of course, so old that Henniker almost forgets how many years he had it; but he clearly recollects that its original cost was 75 cents, and he knew that no money would tempt him to part with it.

Therefore it was quite a blow to Henniker when his wife said, one evening: "Isn't this pipe getting a little strong, Tom?" He looked at her a moment, hardly understanding. "I don't mean that I mean that," she pursued. "Don't think that I meant that. It seemed to me that it was getting—sort of worn out."

"I guess it's good for awhile longer," said Henniker, with an attempt at cheerfulness. "It seems to burn the tobacco all right."

"That's just like you," cried Mrs. Henniker, with sweet fervor. "You always try to make the best of everything and never complain. You would go on smoking that black old thing forever and never think of buying a new one as long as it held together and burned tobacco."

"I guess that's so," said Henniker, dryly. A few days after that it was Henniker's birthday, and he sat down to breakfast with a radiant face.

"Well," said Mrs. Henniker, "why don't you look at your plate instead of looking at me?"

Henniker looked at his plate, and beside it was a square package with an inscription. It doesn't matter what the inscription was, but it assured him that the package was his. He opened it, and after unrolling a large quantity of tissue paper discovered a nice light-green pipe case and within the case a white, shiny meerschaum pipe.

Henniker acted very well. His expressed rapture was beyond civil and he went straight to his tobacco jar and could hardly be prevailed upon to wait until he had eaten his breakfast before he smoked his present. When he did his wife stood by his chair and watched the filling and lighting with breathless interest. With the first puff of smoke Henniker exhaled a sigh of supreme satisfaction.

"Then you like it, dear?"

"Like it!" exclaimed Henniker. "Well!" "I wasn't sure whether you would, because, of course, I never did such a thing as to buy a pipe before; but I knew anyway that whatever I got it would be an improvement on that old thing my poor boy has been smoking."

Henniker sighed again. "This," he said, "is a pipe as a pipe."

It burned his tongue and it made the tobacco taste like wood shavings, but he might have been smoking a choice brand of hashish at all appearances. When he started for the office he filled the pipe again, and smoked it until he was out of the house. Then he put it carefully in its case and filled the old brier.

It was not very hard for him to begin smoking that meerschaum again when he returned that evening. If it had been Mrs. Henniker's delighted smile would have been compensation enough. But it was rather hard to have to smoke it in the low armchair after dinner. That was the particular time of all times when the old brier was dearest to his soul. Presently a bright idea occurred to him.

"Milly," he said. "I have a thought. I want to sort of consecrate this beautiful pipe of yours to this day. It is to be my birthday pipe. I shall smoke it on the anniversary of this day. I shall put it away in my treasure drawer for the rest of the year and on my birthday I shall take it out and we will sit together and remember this evening as I smoke it. I won't take any risk of breaking it by smoking it on ordinary days. It's too fine for every day."

"Nothing is too fine for you, Tom," said his wife. "It was a beautiful thought, and just like you, but I shall feel hurt if you don't smoke it all the time."

Of course, there was nothing to be said after that.

One day as Henniker was filling the meerschaum its shining surface slipped through his fingers and it fell. With a quick movement he stooped and caught it before it reached the ground, but he trembled to think of the noisiness of the disaster. What if he had broken it!

The thought kept recurring to him. What if he had broken it! After awhile it did not seem so terrible. He heard himself saying, half aloud: "I wish, by the great horn spoon, that I had broken it!" and blushed, as well he might.

A day or two after that—for crime is not always of mushroom growth—Henniker dropped the meerschaum again and picked it up with a slight dent in the side. It was a week before he had the courage to try it again, and then it dropped on a cement sidewalk. Another bruise was the only result.

It was a sad ending. Henniker was returning home after a business interview with the books at the office. He lives in a northern suburb and his house is quite a distance from the railway station. It was very dark on this particular night, but Henniker is a courageous man and was not in the least alarmed when the figure of a man emerged from the gloom and stopped before him.

"Beg y'r pardon, mister," said the figure, "but haven't you got a little tobacco about you? I walked from Waverly to-day and I haven't had a bite to eat. I'm starved, but I'm dead for a smoke."

It was a touching appeal. Henniker felt in his pocket, and his hand closed on the pipe. Why should he not make this poor, forlorn fellow creature happy? Could a pipe, even a wife's gift, be devoted to a nobler, more purpose?

"I haven't another cigar," he said, kindly, "but here's a pipe that you can have if you like. Help yourself to tobacco."

The man half-emptied the pouch and returned it to Henniker with profuse expressions of gratitude.

"That's all right," said Henniker. "Got matches? All right, then. Good-night."

After he had eaten his supper, for which his conscience allowed him little appetite, Mrs. Henniker said: "Now, Tom, where's your pipe? Poor fellow, you must be tired to death."

Henniker felt himself growing hot all over. He cleared his throat for the lie to come, and groped in his pocket. Nothing there. He tried another and, pulling out something, stared at it stupidly.

It was not the brier. It was the meerschaum.—Chicago Daily News.

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